

# Richmond Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

1 MORE DAY TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. LAST CALL! HURRY! AT LEAST YOU CAN DO IT EARLY IN THE MORNING!!!

**Why More Horrors?**  
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND has, by his engineering ability and achievements, won the respect of the scientific world. His son, John Hays Hammond, Jr., now comes forward with a bid for fame by inventing a projectile that will discharge a white-hot mixture of molten steel when it strikes, and at the same time fill the atmosphere with a deadly gas to repel fire-fighters. The first purpose of the molten steel is, of course, to set fire to towns, dirigibles and forests. The secondary effect will be to scatter this white-hot metal over any human beings who may be near, and burn them to death horribly, or sear their flesh, burn great holes in their bodies, send them to eternity with a foretaste of hell.

What a pity the son of John Hays Hammond could not have invented something to heal the wounded and lessen the terrors of deadly conflict!

**Chemical Company's Deferred Dividend**  
ACTION by the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, in deferring the quarterly dividend on its preferred stock, had been anticipated, in view of the agricultural depression in the cotton belt, where so large a share of the company's business is done. It indicates no increase in financial stagnation, but is the necessary outcome of stagnation that has existed since the outbreak of the European war and which is just beginning to disappear.

It is noteworthy that the dividend has not been passed, but merely deferred. When cotton, under the influence of better shipping conditions and the \$135,000,000 fund raised by bankers of the country, commences to move in greater volume, the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company, like other creditors of cotton belt merchants and farmers, will get their money. There should be no reason for increased pessimism.

**France in the Great War**  
FRANCES determination to wage the existing war to its bitter end scarce required, to obtain general understanding, the declaration of the Premier in the Chamber of Deputies. That determination has been evident in the whole attitude and bearing of the French people and in a gallant and resolute endurance of suffering and death.

With France, at any rate, this has been, and is, a war for national existence. Blame has been laid at the door of Germany, and of Russia and England, but no serious attempt has been made even by her enemies to show that France acted other than in self-defense. She did not cause the war, she did what she could to avert it, but now that it has come, she bears herself with an inflexible courage.

With similar dignity, also. There has been less theatricalism and emotionalism on the part of France than on that of any other nation. It is about time that we should revise the stupid American estimate of the French character.

**The Price of Murder**  
In olden days, when knights and other foolish people went chasing around the globe after trouble, the price of murder was a woman's smile or an invitation to the Queen's luncheon. Murder had placed upon it more differing values, in more kinds of coin, than any other inconveniences of human existence. In some quarters murder demands its price in family tradition, as in the mountain feuds; in others, there is the unwritten law of justification; in others, nations put their O. K. on murder wholesale, because a few select advisers of parrot or egomaniacal rulers are gifted with vivid imaginations.

But for crude, dollars and cents, barter and trade value of murder, New York has just taken the floral offerings. It has come out in the case of Barnet Baff, rich poultryman, assassinated, it is alleged, by command of the Chicken Ring, that \$400 was offered and refused for his death, and that it was finally assigned to a crew that undertook the job for \$280, cash in advance. A dozen gunmen are on trial, and the actual murderer is undoubtedly among them. For his share of \$280 at least that one is more than likely to go to the electric chair, while the others face prison.

Murder as a trade is inconceivable to most people, fortunately for society; but that a

high-class murder can be bought, that hired butchers are only too willing to risk their worthless necks for such a paltry sum as \$280, is matter of record. And possibly there may be gunmen in New York who will contract for a murder much cheaper—say, \$10, or six for \$50. If it is true that there are numbers of such murderers for hire, the State ought to get something out of it to help pay the cost of trials and executions. Murderers should be compelled to take out licenses.

**Shall Politics Rule Employment Bureau?**  
If the whisperings of rumor and public apprehension are resolved into fact, and the city's employment bureau does become an annex to somebody's political machine, it will be enough to make the angels weep and the cynical critic of American municipal government laugh himself to death.

Here was an enterprise that made its bid for community approval on the ground that it was to perform a community service—to make some sane and decent effort to solve the serious problem of unemployment. Politics, we were told or permitted to believe, was to be banished from its composition and operation. Now, it is openly charged, politics will control the board's discharge of its initial function—the selection of a manager.

To permit politics to dictate or influence this choice would be little short of criminal. A stupid law restricts selection to registered voters here, which is unfortunate, but there would be no difficulty in obtaining a good man for the place were the board to announce publicly that the position would be conferred on the best qualified applicant.

The manager of the public employment bureau, it is reasonably obvious, ought to possess a few qualifications other than an oily capacity to land ward heelers in municipal sinecures or with public service corporations and paying contractors. If that, or anything like it, is the ideal the board has in mind in selecting its executive officer, the establishment of the bureau will not prove a blessing, but a curse to Richmond.

The Times-Dispatch refuses to credit that this ghastly and brutal joke is meditated seriously. It is impossible to believe that five representative citizens should have so little regard for their responsibility to the whole people, whom they will be sworn to serve.

**Be Just to the League Angel**  
It would be a short-sighted policy for the Virginia League of baseball clubs to attempt to hold Richmond within that organization against the city's will. Richmond has been the league angel for a good many years, but a disgruntled and discontented and rebellious angel cannot be regarded as a very valuable piece of personal property.

We have present opportunity to move up from Class C to Class A in the ranks of organized baseball. The only opposition comes from the Virginia League, which dislikes, naturally enough, it ought to be said, to surrender its most valuable territory. The league, however, should conquer this aversion and consent to a fair arrangement with the backers of the project to bring an International League franchise here. Such a course is not only just to Richmond, but good sense as well. "We say this," as a character in contemporary fiction remarks, "in no mercenary spirit, but just as a matter of business."

It is highly improbable that the present enterprise will result in failure, but if failure comes, it will be imputable to the Virginia League and to nobody else. To say that Richmond will resent the loss of this opportunity to take its rightful place in fast baseball company does not involve a threat; it is the mere statement of an obvious fact. Neither is there uncertainty as to the manner in which this resentment will find expression. Richmond has outgrown the Virginia League. It is too big, baseball interest here is too keen and too general, for the city to linger longer in the bushes. Organized baseball, through the national commission, has recognized the situation, and it is just as well for others to fall into line.

**Federal Aid for Military Schools**  
SERIOUS and more serious becomes the proposition, more or less lightly flung into the arena of discussion, that military training be made a part of the American boy's education. The original proposition has been robbed somewhat of its gallery play, and worked down to a basis of sane consideration. Now a bill in Congress proposes to appropriate \$80,000 of Federal aid money to each State having military schools, this money to be divided among such schools and such other schools as will add the military course. A little string provides that the State, to get the \$80,000, must itself appropriate \$40,000 for the same purpose.

Well, there is this to be said: Federal aid is manifestly proper for the encouragement of anything which, in its last analysis, is intended as an aid to the accomplishment of Federal purposes, present or prospective. Military training will hurt no youth. On the contrary, setting up exercises, marksmanship, drilling, discipline will all make for manliness, physically and morally. And so long as the military feature is optional, and there is no implied or actual obligation to enlist, there is, of course, nothing to stir up a fear that we may become militaristic.

It would be interesting, if possible to study for comparison and report the relative student efficiency of boys in military and nonmilitary schools. It is at least thinkable that under military discipline the student would take more "regimental pride" in his progress, and this might prove to be the weightiest of all arguments for the military course. In any event, it is an idea with too many appearances of good to be disregarded or laughed down.

Governor Blaise, of South Carolina, says he is going to clean out the penitentiary before he quits office. The voters have done an even better job for the Governor's mansion.

Wonder if the imminence of Christmas had anything to do with the death of the man who had eighty-nine grandchildren.

Three Ohio towns, neighboring on West Virginia, have gone wet. Evil communications corrupt good manners?

It is officially announced that there are no jobs in California. "Smatter?" Has Hi Johnson absorbed all the climate?

Paris is to have a "wool Christmas." The Kaiser had hoped it would have a German one.

Congress was comfortable Underwood; will it be hot under Kitchin?

## SONGS AND SAWS

**Be Charitable.**  
You may believe that you are just  
The very best man on earth;  
You may opine your quips and jokes  
Should cause the world to shake with mirth;  
You may feel sure your views on art  
Exceed those of the low and vulgar;  
That views that take another slant  
Are highly foolish and absurd.  
It's even possible to think  
That you are right as right can be,  
But still, for heaven's sake, permit  
The rest of us to disagree.

**The Penitent's Prayer:**  
This Christmas, saint, give me a headache—  
especially the brand that passed around at the stag dinner I attended last night.

**Squaring Things.**  
Grubbs—What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?  
Stubbs—I haven't decided exactly, but I'm thinking of handing over a receipted bill for the silver tea she is going to give me.

**Slightly Revised.**  
You may break, you may shatter,  
The glass if you will,  
But always there'll linger  
The scent of the still.

**Drowning the Demon Rum.**  
I have helped to put down liquor in every county in Alabama, and I have seen the demon on the floor of the House. And then he could not understand why everybody laughed.

**Here's One.**  
The ancients never knew how luck  
Chased them from dawn to dawn—  
No bank ever wrote to one of them:  
"Account is overdrawn."

—THE TATTLER.

## Chats With Virginia Editors

The Fredericksburg Star relates it: "The Indians, Yellow Owl, Bear Skin and Sunshine, brothers, passed through here Saturday night, walking from coast to coast on a \$5,000 wager. The object in making this money is to send their younger brother, Sunshine, to school. They have been on the road eleven months and expect to finish the journey in two years." The man who put up the \$5,000 may be readily identified as our old friend, E. Z. Mark, who needs more than \$5,000 worth of schooling considerably worse than any Indian on or off the reservation.

The gentle editor of the Clifton Forge Review, softly hides the superintendent of streets, or other constituted authority, in this characteristic manner: "The Review has no charge to make against any official of the city in particular for any sin of commission or omission, but this newspaper does desire to go on record as protesting against the policy of neglecting the streets and the city during winter weather, and especially when the sidewalks are caked with ice and snow." As the man who sat in the three-handed poker game with Bret Harte and a one-eyed "pard" remarked: "Somebody's cheating! I'm callin' no names, but if this cheatin' don't stop, somebody's goin' to lose the other eye."

Editor Flynn, of the Lunenburg Call, acknowledges a visit from Santa Claus: "A few days ago one of our readers sent us a list of nice sparberis and backbone, and a few days later our young farmer friend, Mr. Robert Smith, glided into our shop with a gallon jug of good old persimmon beer—the kind our dad used to make—we can see some of the country editor's mouths watering now! and said it was for the editor—us. What's better than sparberis, backbone and persimmon beer? That's a fair question! What's the answer?"

The Covington Virginian exhibits rapid pro-German symptoms. An eruption in the form of a standing head, set in a fancy box and reading, "Mit der Shears," has appeared upon its fair face.

Exhortations to shop early are carried uncomplainingly in the editorial columns of the Virginian dailies to the latest possible hour, the editors appreciating that the Christmas present will soon be a thing of the Christmas past.

The Charlottesville Progress, which evidently expects to see Turkey, stuffed with German promises, served a la Belgium to the allies, says: "The success of the German diplomats in bringing Turkey into the war was a bad move for Germany and suicidal for Turkey."

## Current Editorial Comment

The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue analyzing the income tax returns, gives an interesting cross-section view of the income of American wealth. Some of the items doubtless do not check up with popular impressions, but the difference is as likely to be over as under. Thus, it will probably surprise some persons to learn that as many as 135 Americans have incomes of \$500,000 or more, while, on the other hand, there are but 79,429 with incomes from \$2,500 to \$3,333, as against 11,448, who receive from \$3,333 to \$5,000 a year, and 101,718 from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. One unexpected disclosure is that almost half as many single women pay the income tax as single men, or 23,561 against 55,212. Among the 6,882 married women and 27,123 married men, the grand total of income taxpayers in the United States is 357,598. By way of contrast, the entire total of paupers in American almshouses in 1910 was \$3,944, or 35,000 fewer persons of all ages and degrees of decrepitude who were unable to earn a living or find support from relatives than those who were able to make from \$2,333 to \$5,000 a year. The British total of paupers for 1911, moreover, is a negligible figure, not more than half of ours was 670,834, or almost twice as many as all the income taxpayers in the United States.—New York Evening Sun.

**Plans to Systematize Legislation**  
Announcement that the Library of Congress will shortly undertake a service similar to that of the legislative reference bureau established by most of the States is moving toward system and order in its enactments. It was Champ Clark who once directed attention to the fact that bills could be introduced in Congress under the purchase of green cheese from the moon. Most Americans understand this condition, and yet even the philosophers of Wall Street are startled into the task of cleaning up the legislative mess.

A legislative reference bureau, attached to Congress, might not stop the flood of foolish bills, but it would go a long way toward checking duplications and avoiding loose language in framing the bills. In Congress in 1908, a competent to analyze, summarize and compare an auxiliary corps of translators and indexers and assistants familiar with the bibliography of the law. These men will study existing laws and other material in relation to proposed legislation and present digests and comprehensive statements.—Washington Post.

Senator Hitchcock's bill, which is designed to prevent American citizens from selling war material or other contraband goods to the belligerent powers of Europe, has nothing whatever to commend it. It may be doubted whether Congress has any power to limit the activities of private citizens in this matter. To pass this bill would

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put it in the power of foreign governments, by declaring certain goods contraband, practically to destroy American trade. That trade is hit quite hard enough as it is. International law, between private law, and the decisions of our courts, all sustain the trade which the bill is designed to prevent. It is impossible to imagine any war in which one belligerent would not have more complete control of the sea than another. And in every such case the weaker power would, of course, complain. What we in this case are asked to do is to prevent the allies from enjoying an advantage which is fairly theirs, but which we did nothing whatever to create. Our merchants and manufacturers are to-day prepared to sell on equal terms to all belligerents. It is not their fault if some of the belligerents are able to deliver the goods and other are not. There is no violation of neutrality in sales within the country by our citizens to any and all who are ready to buy. The business is one with which the government has no business meddling. The administration went to the limit when it discouraged loans to the belligerents, and induced Mr. Schwab not to build in this country submarines for sale abroad.—Indianapolis News.

## War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 24, 1864.)

For reasons satisfactory to the managers, the proposed big Christmas dinner to Lee's army has been postponed from Christmas Day to New Year's Day. That it will come off on the last named day, there can be no doubt.

The terrific storm along the whole line of the Atlantic coast still continues, and there is no telegraphic communication with either Wilmington, Savannah or Charleston. Hence, no war news from those interesting points.

Telegraphic communication with Lynchburg, Danville and Gordonsville was restored yesterday, but no news was received by the War Department from any of those quarters, and yet there are all kinds of rumors of active operations in at least two of the sections named. It is almost inexplicable that military events of great importance should be occurring in Southwest Virginia and along the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, of which the War Department remains in profound ignorance. If the government would remove the embargo on the wires, the newspapers would manage to get the news.

We have vague reports of severe cavalry fights between General Rosser's brave men and the enemy in the Valley, but because of the control of the wires by the secretive War Department, we can get no particulars. The rumor is that General Rosser got the best of the two days' fighting.

During a partial lull in the general storm, the working order late last night. A report is telegraphed from Staunton that Sheridan's Infantry have gone back down the Valley, finding Early's forces a little too strong for the advance he had contemplated.

By telegraph last night we learned that the cavalry force, reported to have been in Madison County, turned their course and yesterday reached a point not far from Gordonsville, where they were met by a Confederate force, and, after a little fighting, were repulsed, and thus the railroad connection which the Yankees were trying to dislocate was saved.

Forty-five Federal prisoners, captured by Colonel Mosby in his slashing around on the borders of the Yankee army, reached Libby Prison yesterday. They were shipped from Gordonsville by Major Boyle.

## Queries and Answers

**Manassas.**  
Please tell me what means there was for crossing Bull Run within the field of the Battle of Manassas. T. E. GREY.  
There was little difficulty in crossing at any point. The railroad crossings were from east to west, the railway bridge, Blackburn's Ford, Mitchell's Ford, the Stone Bridge. All were within the battle field.

**Public Schools.**  
When were the public schools of Richmond and Virginia placed on the accredited list?  
S. L. M.  
From the origin of the public school system. The demand for "accrediting" has been higher, the effectiveness of the schools has increased, and there has been no time at which the Virginia and the Richmond schools have fallen below the demand.

**Adoption.**  
Is there in Richmond an institution from which one may obtain an attractive baby for adoption?  
MISS E. D. P.  
The Children's Home Society of Virginia, 2605 East Franklin Street.

## The Voice of the People

**Says Nation Should Pray for Peace.**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Living under adverse circumstances, with the wheels of our great industrial system clogged and a depression in all branches of business, we are praying for peace.

Which has brought about a good deal of suffering in this country. Amidst it all, may we all stop and think and turn our thoughts to blood-stained and battle-scarred Europe with its awful toll of suffering and death. Let us analyze the condition that are existing over there, and to think the same condition would exist if we should share a long-drawn out war. We resorted to that sad and cruel practice of conscription, that the able-bodied men should go to the front regardless. There has not as yet risen up a power even in this great advance age of civilization and Christianity to stop this terrible god of war as he descends upon the land, carrying millions of the strongest and youngest men in his grasp to be made unwilling victims of greed and aggression.

Can Christianity stand idly by and allow this great method of making men from their home without their consent and force them to fight, whether they want to or not?  
Christ has given to us Christianity to purify and purge nations, and to advance the fatherland of God and brotherhood of man, and has left his followers here to carry out his mission. Christianity appears very weak in her protest in this great conflict. Some mighty men of God who have voiced their protest against the war, but they will not take the name of God Who still rules and judges save the city?  
L. A. S.  
Richmond, December 21, 1914.

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating;  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you give your life to,  
Broken, and stoop and build 'em up with wornout tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sin,  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,  
Except the Will, which says to them: "Hold on!"

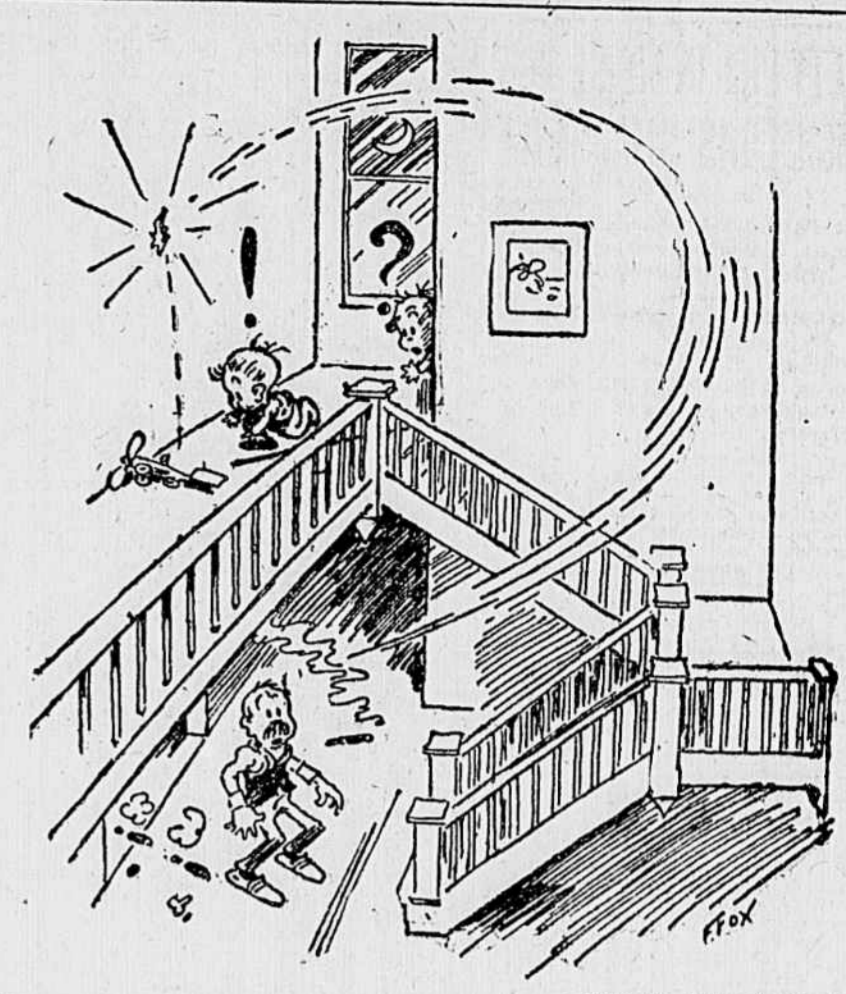
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings, nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforfeiting minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the triumph, and you'll be a Man, my son,  
And, which is more, you'll be a Man, my son.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Among these our particular topic now is singing the hair. This is recommended to overcome splitting of the ends and to prevent falling of the

## Father Got to Monkeying With the Toy Aeroplane and It Sailed Right Upstairs

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Louisville Herald.

## DO BRITISH PLAN FLEET OF DUMMIES?

NEW YORK, December 20.—A tale of a British naval trick in process of preparation, the purpose of which was not quite clear, was brought to New York by a passenger on the White Star liner Baltic from Liverpool.

The passenger told of the fitting out of fifty dummy warships at Belfast by the British admiralty under the direction of Captain H. J. Haddock, R. N. R., formerly the commander of the Olympic. These vessels are old steamships of various tonnage and speed, from the former Cunarder Campania, with a speed of nineteen knots, to the tramp which cannot make more than eight knots with a gale of wind behind her.

**Purpose Kept Secret.**  
The purpose for which they are intended is being kept secret, but one theory is that the admiralty purchased them for use in blocking the Kiel Canal. Another theory is that they were to block the entrance to the harbor of Santiago, Cuba, by sinking the Mermaid in the Spanish-American War. In an interview with a reporter at his hotel, the passenger, who would not permit himself to be quoted, said that the work was being carried on day and night at Belfast by workmen drafted from all parts of England.

After the interior fittings of the ships have been ripped out, the passenger said, "the hulls are strengthened with extra steel beams and the hulls are filled with cement or some prodigious material to sink them to the level with the water. Then the upper works are painted a naval gray and wooden turrets and wooden guns are mounted on their decks. Through a friend in the shipyard I looked over one old passenger liner that was being fitted with nine-inch guns and looked quite formidable. While I was there a painter who was working on a dummy funnel fell out of the boat's chair he was sitting in, went through the turret and smashed the gun inside.

"Of course all these things are very lightly constructed, and have to be handled carefully. An able seaman, who was carrying a 'ten-ton' anchor on his shoulder along the deck, was admonished by the boss to go any or he would break the mudhook in two amidsips.

"The work on some of the smaller vessels is being done very rapidly. I was told of one vessel that was dinged-looking old tramp at 5 o'clock on a Monday afternoon, and by 8 the next night she had been transformed into a smart-looking light cruiser, armed with eight apparently formidable six-inch guns and quick-firers.

"I knew Captain Haddock when he was commander of the Olympic, and spoke to him at the hotel in Belfast just before I sailed for New York. When I asked him what was to be done with the dummy fleet he was convinced he looked startled, and replied:

"'Hush! It is a secret.'"  
"I told him that I got my information first from a German waiter in the hotel, who said that great glee. 'They are building a dummy Lion to-day at the dockyard.'"

"These vessels are to be manned by volunteers who will take their lives in their hands, as there is the danger of foundering in a heavy sea in addition to that of being shelled and sunk by the enemy. The admiralty has had no difficulty in getting officers and men for the job."

## SINGING THE HAIR USELESS

The reams of paper that are used up each month in articles in the daily papers and weekly and monthly papers—on beauty culture are conclusive evidence that it is as natural for man to desire to beautify the person as it is "to indulge in the illusions of hope." The National Association of American Medical Men, which is a body of some 10,000 members, has issued a circular to its members, advising them to advise their patients that singing the hair is useless.

To decorate and beautify the body is an inborn passion; the savage does it differently from us, but when it comes to the many manipulations and remedies that are recommended for avoiding wrinkles, giving the eyes a more aristocratic arch, coaxing the lashes to be long and languorous, making the ears pink and small or the nose straight and thin, removing a double chin or taking the core out of the Adam's apple, we have nothing on our uncivilized and supposedly more ignorant brothers.

The hair in particular is the object of all mankind's cosmetic endeavors. When it comes to civilized man he is universally engaged in trying to save what he has left, or regrow what he has lost. Women, with few exceptions, are not content with the hair which is given them, but they will do anything, and at any cost, to get a more desirable calamity; men not only may get bald, but a large number of them are already so. And thus the poets—reminders for the hair need all manner of surgical and electrical treatments, hair tonics that feed the hair roots, as though they grew out of the scalp like broom-bush out of old field, neat-foot oil and crude kerosene, masquerade and mange cures, all have their futile trials.

Among these our particular topic now is singing the hair. This is recommended to overcome splitting of the ends and to prevent falling of the hair, the reason for the latter being that it "closes the pores and keeps the fluid in the hair." With the long hair of a woman, which has a tendency to split at the ends, it is possible that it substitutes a charred blunt end of fused hair for one tapering to a point as clean across. But even in cases of thinning hair, the use of singing the hair is not of any use in preventing its fall; in fact, the natural length does not split, unless it has a deep-seated disturbance for which there is no such simple remedy.

Of course, singing the hair—ends in order to prevent the fluid in the hair from escaping, like sap from a tree, is based on an entire misconception of the hair's structure and nutrition. The hair does not contain any more sap than a buggy wheel; it is not nourished by any fluid in it, but by the blood plasma that reaches above the hair root. The hair above the skin surface is a spine of horn, which is even dead from without, and singing its tips has no effect whatever on either its nourishment or its growth. It is certain that singing the hair is of no value in preventing its fall; in fact, the natural value the procedure has is to the zealot hairdresser who gets his little fee for doing it—unless it is worth a quarter to the seker after hair to think he is doing something, even if he is not.

**Far More Important.**  
(Springfield Republican.)  
Bulgaria and Roumania keep the world guessing, but there are plenty of people who are more anxious to know what pitcher will next jump to the "Peds."

George Fred's Chance.  
(Cleveland Leader.)  
George Fred Williams says he could have been ruler of Albania for \$25,000. Why didn't he let us know in time to pass the hat?